

CHANDAMAMA

MAY 1982

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Starts Page 16
The Story of
THE LUCK OF A LUCKY

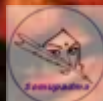




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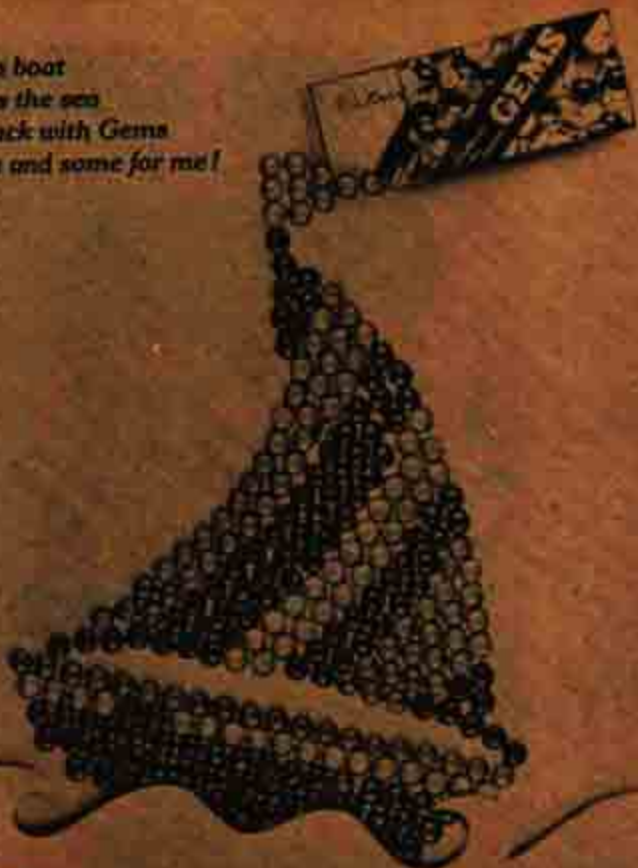
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CHANDAMAMA

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RAGHU MARCHES AHEAD

You met the young Raghu for the first time the last month. You saw him in a quite unenviable condition. A tyrant's henchman killed a good man and led his wife away to work like a slave—as the hapless Raghu looked on.

What do people do in such a situation? Generally they blame their fate and go through the humiliation. But Raghu was no ordinary boy. He changed his anguish into a determination to fight against tyranny.

In this issue you will see him patiently preparing for it—looking for a mentor. In the forthcoming issues you will see him amidst situations that are dramatic and exciting.

IN THIS ISSUE

FOURTEEN COMPLETE STORIES

Apart from the pictorial Story of India, The Invincible Raghu, the Buddha Jayanti, your Dictionary of Important Words, the Devi Bhagavatam, the News Flash and more.

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THE MOONLIGHT MUSICIAN

A Tale from the Panchatantra

A washerman had a donkey. During the day the donkey bore the load of clothes on his back. At night he was free to move about.

He struck a friendship with a jackal. The jackal knew the way to the royal orchard. One night he led the donkey there. The donkey had never known such a wonderful place. The jackal introduced him to a variety of fruits. The donkey danced with joy.

Then it occurred to him that he ought to impress his friend with some merit of his. "My friend, look at the soothing moon. Well-bred creatures devote such nights to singing. I shall now sing for your entertainment."

"Please, dear donkey, check

your inspiration for doing any such thing. Do not forget that we are trespassers here. We may be caught," warned the jackal.

"I'm sorry that you don't appreciate the value of music, you don't realise how lucky you are to befriend me," observed the donkey.

"It is not that I don't appreciate music. But I don't think that you know really anything of music!" commented the jackal.

"Impudence! What do you mean? Haven't I read the *Natyashastra* by Bharata Muni from beginning to end twelve times? Let me demonstrate a *Raga* to you...."

Before the donkey had begun his song, the jackal ran away and hid in a bush. The donkey



gave out a loud bray. Immediately a gardener who slept in a nearby hut rushed upon him and thrashed him flat and tied a round stone to his neck.

After the gardener left, the donkey managed to drag himself out of the orchard. The jackal came near to him and said, "So, dear singer, this is the medal you received, is that so?"

"Well, my friend, I'll appreciate your relieving me of the medal. I'll never sing in moonlit nights again!" said the donkey. The jackal snapped the rope with his teeth and the donkey limped back home.

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES



THE PENSIVE

Kishan met Raju after a long time. Raju looked emaciated and pensive.

"What has happened to you?" asked Kishan.

"The salary I receive is too small to feel happy about. Sometimes I absent myself from the work for lack of enthusiasm. The result is, I lose a part of my salary. What to do?"

Raju's boss was Kishan's friend. Kishan talked to him. Raju was transferred to another office as its manager. His salary trebled. Besides, he received a handsome daily allowance.

Five years later Kishan met Raju again. He was surprised to see Raju still looking emaciated and pensive.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked.

"I have not taken a day off all these five years for fear of losing my daily allowance. I am feeling tired and my health makes me pensive," was Raju's reply.



THE INVINCIBLE RAGHU (2)



SANATANPUR IS SO FAR THAT IT WILL TAKE ABOUT 25 DAYS OF WALKING. HOW WILL RAGHU REACH? THE PASSERS-BY LAUGH AT HIM.

HE LEFT THIS PLACE LONG AGO FOR HARI GOSWAMI'S ASHRAM AT SANATANPUR



RAGHU IS DISAPPOINTED, HIS HIGH HOPES ARE SHATTERED. SUDDENLY... HE MEETS A KIND-HEARTED MAN AND SPEAKS TO HIM.





THE MAN GIVES RAGHU HIS OWN STILTS AND STARTS TEACHING HIM HOW TO USE THEM.



AFTER A FEW FALLS, RAGHU PICKS UP SPEED. IT TAKES HIM JUST TWO DAYS TO MASTER THE STILTS.





ON HIS STILTS, RAGHU LOOKS TEN FEET TALL. IT IS A THRILL TO ADVANCE WITH LARGE STRIDES. BIDDING HIS TEACHER GOODBYE, RAGHU SETS OFF FOR HIS DESTINATION



COVERING FOUR DAYS WALK IN A SINGLE DAY, THE DETERMINED RAGHU STRIDES THROUGH THICK FORESTS.





AT NIGHT RAGHU SLEEPS UNDER TREES.



HE WORKS AS A COOLIE—



AND CUTS WOOD TO EARN A FEW CHIPS



AND BUYS FOOD.



AND HE IS BACK ON HIS STILTS



AT LAST, AFTER SIX DAYS, HE REACHES SANATANPUR HARI GOSWAMI'S ASHRAM. IT'S WELL-KNOWN. RAGHU EASILY FINDS IT OUT.



AT THE ASHRAM, BHAIRAV THAKUR WAS RELAXING ON THE TEMPLE VERANDAH... AS RAGHU EXPLAINS...



AS RAGHU GOES ON PLEADING, BHAIRAV THAKUR NODS HIS HEAD BUT NO DOUBT HE HAS STOPPED TEACHING





GURUDEV IS GOING TO THE TEMPLE AFTER HIS BATH.



RAGHU FALLS AT HARI GOSWAMI'S FEET.



DO IT AGAIN

A villager had just arrived in the town. It was evening.

He sat down on the veranda of a temple. Suddenly he belched—rather loud, as was his habit.

The priest of the temple got annoyed. "You have offended



the deity. You ought to be punished," he said angrily.

Anybody else could have silenced the priest with a few pleasing words—or just paying him a coin as a mark of respect. But the villager took the priest's words very seriously. He thought, "Obviously it is a sin to belch in this temple. Better to be punished and freed from any consequence of the sin than to suffer the wrath of the deity."

He stood up. "Holy man! Come on, let's go to the judge. I am ready to stand trial



accept the punishment he awards me," he said.

The priest, more to save his face than for anything else, led the man to the judge.

"Belching in this particular temple, eh? What audacity! You must pay a fine. Come out with a copper coin!" shouted the judge.

The villager brought out a silver coin which was equal to two copper coins.

"I have no change," he said, handing it over to the judge.

The judge's face brightened

up at the sight of the silver coin. Well, I too have no change to return you half, he said, wondering what to do. Suddenly a bright idea flashed in his mind. "You do one thing. You can go to the temple again tomorrow and belch in the full hearing of the priest once more. That will solve the problem," said the judge, putting the silver coin in his pocket.

Next day the innocent villager went to the priest and did as the judge said—to the great chagrin of the priest.



From the Pit to the Throne

Long long ago, in a certain village lived a nobleman named Abu Sabir. He was the headman of the village.

Abu Sabir was courageous and intelligent but what is more, he was an ardent believer in God. He had this absolute faith that if one prayed to God and depended on Him for everything, God will never let one down.

One day an officer of the Sultan was killed near his village. Those who killed him were bandits and they fled. But the

Sultan's wrath fell on the villagers. His soldiers came and plundered the village. Abu Sabir's house too was not spared.

"You should meet the Sultan and tell him how your forefathers had served him. His soldiers ought not to have done to you what they did," Abu Sabir's wife told him.

"Indeed, the Sultan has been utterly unjust. But I need not take any step in this regard. He will suffer the consequence of his wickedness in due course.





ing them as slaves.

Abu Sabir's wife broke down. Abu Sabir tried to console her and knelt down and prayed to God for rescuing him from the unfortunate situation.

By sunset they could see a village on a river. Abu Sabir asked his tired wife to wait on the river-bank and himself went into the village to look for shelter.

A man riding a horse stopped near Abu Sabir's wife. She looked charming to him. "Whoever you be, I'll like to marry you. Come with me," said the man.

"For heaven's sake, leave me alone. I am married and my husband is nearby," replied the lady.

"In that case I should not tarry here. I must go, but be sure, not without you," said the rider. He got down and at the point of sword compelled the lady to get onto his horse. Then he rode away along with her.

"Kidnapped!" is the word the lady had been able to scribble on the sand. Abu Sabir read it upon his return. He wailed and walked aimlessly like a mad man.

By morning Abu Sabir was in a town. The king was construct-

He cannot escape it," said Abu Sabir.

A spy heard this and reported to the Sultan. Furious, the Sultan himself rode into the village and drove Abu Sabir, his wife, and their two sons out of their house. He then ordered their house to be burnt down.

Abu Sabir's wife wept. But said Abu Sabir, "Have faith in God and have patience. He alone can set things right."

They were walking along a lonely road when a horde of brigands fell upon them. The family carried nothing valuable. But the brigands led their two sons away. They intended sell-

ing a new apartment near his palace. A large number of slaves were at work. The king's men caught hold of Abu Sabir and obliged him to join the labourers.

A few days passed. One day a labourer fell from the top rung of a ladder and broke his leg. He cried with pain. "Have patience," said Abu Sabir. "Patience and prayer are always rewarded."

"But I have already suffered much. How long to wait?" asked the man in his agony.

"From the very bottom of a pit one can rise to the throne — if God so wishes," replied Abu Sabir

It so happened that the king was just behind them. Abu Sabir's comment annoyed him.

"From the bottom of a pit to the throne, eh? It seems quite easy! Good. We will be pleased to throw you into a pit so that you can ascend the throne!" said the king.

The king's bodyguards caught hold of Abu Sabir and threw him into a pit that was inside the palace. It was a dungeon which the cruel king sometimes used for punishing those with whom he was displeased.

Some food was thrown into the dungeon everyday. Days passed. Abu Sabir was forgotten.



The king, who was a tyrant, did not know how unpopular he had grown. One day there was a sudden rebellion among his ministers, courtiers, and the commanders of his army. The king was killed.

Years before that the king had thrown his only brother into the dungeon. He had died. Now the nobility rescued Abu Sabir from the dungeon and, mistaking him to be the king's brother, made him the king.

Abu Sabir's first work was to comb the kingdom for bandits and brigands. He led the army himself and captured several gangs of them. With one gang he found his lost sons. He put

the gang to death.

He was riding by a village when he saw a rich man whipping a woman in the street. Abu Sabir galloped forward. A glance at the woman was enough for him to know that she was his kidnapped wife.

"Why are you whipping her and where are you leading her?" asked Abu Sabir.

"She is my wife. But she does neither speak to me nor look at me. She is absolutely useless to me. I am going to sell her as a slave," replied the man, terrified at the sudden confrontation.

"You wicked fellow! She is not your wife! For your sins you



surely deserve death!" shouted Abu Sabir.

His guards took hold of the trembling man. Abu Sabir ordered him to be beheaded.

Arranging to send his sons and wife to his palace Abu Sabir led his army against the Sultan who had unjustly driven him out of his village. The Sultan was defeated and killed. Abu Sabir annexed his Sultanate to his kingdom.

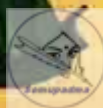
Back in the palace, Abu Sabir called a conference of all his ministers, commanders and noblemen and said, "Friends, you must be thinking that I am no less of a tyrant than the previous king, who, you think, was my

brother. But let me tell you my story."

Abu Sabir revealed who he was and why he destroyed the gang of bandits and killed the man who was whipping a woman and also why he attacked the Sultanate and killed the Sultan.

"My friends, they deserved to be treated in this way. Bearing untold agony in my heart, I waited with patience for my chance. I have only done justice when the chance came. None of them deserved any mercy," he concluded.

The people marvelled at his patience. Abu Sabir ruled for long as a just king.





THE SIGNATURE

One day Mulla Nasiruddin heard a man giving a lecture. What the speaker said, raising his voice and throwing his arms, was nothing but nonsense.

Once when the speaker paused, the Mulla laughed. Well, what the speaker said was quite serious. It was not at all meant to stimulate laughter in any. He was surprised and annoyed.

"Why did you laugh?" asked the speaker, gravely.

"I laughed because I had to laugh!" replied the Mulla.

"You cannot escape with that! If you think that I am wrong, you must prove that with argument," insisted the speaker.

"All right, all right," said the Mulla, who was scared of arguments, "we will argue, not today but tomorrow. You are welcome to pay me a visit. He even hinted of a good dish, for the speaker and for anybody who would care to come with him to benefit from their arguments.

They decided on the time of their meeting. The Mulla went away, leaving the speaker to go on with his bla bla.

Eager to argue with the Mulla and to snub him, the speaker reached his house at the appointed time. He was accompanied by some well-dressed idlers who would support him at the Mulla's cost.

They reached the Mulla's house to see it locked.

"Surely, he is away in the market buying food for all of us," observed a companion of the speaker.

This put hope into all. They waited...

Two hours passed. There was no sign of the Mulla's return.

Cursing the Mulla, the party left his house. But the speaker wrote on the Mulla's door, "Fool!"

The party had just reached the market when the Mulla came running after them.

"Learned speaker, Sir, I'm sorry, I had forgotten of the

appointment. I went to the bazar and feasted to my belly's fill and just returned home and saw..." the Mulla paused.

Everybody giggled. To many in the market the speaker's companions had declared what the speaker had inscribed on the Mulla's door. They preened their ears to hear the Mulla.

"What did you see?" asked the speaker with a wink at his friends.

"I saw your signature on my door!" The Mulla said and he went away. There was a laughter. But the speaker and his companions had no share in it!

Retold by P. Raja



THE UNCLE'S LABOURS

Govind was passing through a small village. It was morning. The wheels of his cart got stuck up in a pool of mud.

He had to call a man who lived in a nearby hut for help. The man put his shoulder to the rear of the cart and lifted and pushed the wheels out of the mud.

Govind was pleased. The man, panting and sweating, extended his hand towards Govind, in expectation of a reward.

Gobind paid him some money and said, "You must have grown tired!"

The man's little nephew, who had been there for two or three days, commented, "Naturally! Uncle has to carry jugfuls of water from the pond at night to keep the pool muddy, after all!"





HELPING A FRIEND

Sekhar and Sursen were two close friends. They went to school together and shared each other's sorrows and happiness.

They grew up. Both got married. It so happened that they got jobs in the same town.

They had no friends or relatives there, but why should they care? Sekhar's love was enough for Sursen and Sursen's was enough for Sekhar.

A new township was coming up on the suburbs of the city. Plots of land were available cheap. The two friends bought two plots close to each other's.

Sursen raised a small thatched house and moved into it first. Sekhar continued in his rented house.

One night Sursen's house caught fire. Neighbours came running and did their best to extinguish the fire. But there was hardly any water in the vicinity. It was not possible to control the fire. Before Sursen's eyes the house was reduced to a heap of ashes and baked clay.

This left Sursen almost a broken-hearted man. Sekhar consoled him to the best of his capacity and that did Sursen some good, but he was no longer the jolly young man he used to be.

Sekhar felt that only if Sursen could have a new house, he could forget the blow he had received.

But where is the money for





Sursen to build a new house? There was none in the town from whom they could obtain any loan.

Sekhar's wife was the daughter of a wealthy man. She had a number of ornaments. But she was deeply attached to them. Only if Sekhar could raise a loan by pledging those ornaments! But how to propose that?

Sekhar brooded on the issue as he went to bed.

Sunrise was still an hour away when he gave out a shriek and sat up.

"What's the matter?" asked his wife anxiously.

"I dreamt that burglars had

entered our house," replied Sekhar.

"Is that so? It is said that a dream dreamt towards the end of the night proves true within three years. This means our house is likely to be burgled. How to safeguard my ornaments? Let's bury them. We can dig them out after three years," proposed his wife.

"That's not the solution. Can we check ourselves from divulging the spot where the wealth is buried if a bandit threatens us with a dagger?"

"What to do then?"

"Better we deposit the ornaments with my boss," said Sekhar.

His wife found the proposal quite sensible. She handed over the ornaments to Sekhar. Within hours Sekhar pledged them with a money-lender and received the necessary loan. Sursen had his new house and new furniture.

A year passed. One day Sekhar's wife told Sekhar, "I don't think the dream is going to prove true. Bring back my ornaments. I yearn to have a glimpse of them."

Sekhar saw dark! Till then Sursen had not been able to save enough to pay up

money-lender.

"When are you going to bring my ornaments?" Sekhar's wife asked him a week later.

"The boss is out on a tour. I shall bring back the ornaments as soon as he is back," promised Sekhar.

Two days passed. One night, to their horror, they saw a bandit popping up in their house.

"I have searched the whole house, but I don't see anything of worth. Where have you hidden your valuables? Come out with them 'quickly!'" growled the bandit.

"My friend, our house looks

affluent, but we are not rich. Don't waste your valuable time here," Sekhar said, in the tone of advising the bandit.

The bandit stood thoughtful for a moment. "Very well," he said, "I'll enquire into your condition. If I find what you said to be true, I will never come again. But should I find out that you have bluffed me, I'll strike again."

The bandit left.

Sekhar's wife remained speechless for long. Then she stammered out, "I know that a dream dreamt towards the night-end proves true. Let the ornaments remain where they





are at least for two more years".

Sekhar heaved a sigh of relief. Needless to say that one who had come as the bandit was a colleague of his—a newly acquired friend.

In two more years Sursen refunded the total loan. Sekhar

brought back the ornaments and told his wife, "Let's forget that dream, now that three years have passed. Besides, it is not proper to burden someone else with our things for long."

His wife rejoiced at the return of the ornaments.



A DISCOVERY

A hippy at last decided to get rid of his huge heap of hair. The barber went on with his work for a long time. Suddenly he asked, "Were you in the habit of putting on a cap?"

"Yes, but years ago."

"Right. I have just discovered it!" said the barber.

THE BUDDHA JAYANTI

On the 7th day of May, this year, will be celebrated the *Buddha Jayanti*. It will be a full-moon night—a *Poornima*. It is on this full-moon night, in the month of Baisakh, that the Buddha had been born—some two thousand years ago—if not more.

The queen of Kapilvastu, Mayadevi, was to deliver her child. On her way to her father's palace, she was relaxing in a grove at Lumbini. Her child—to be named Gautama—was born



there—when the full moon was shining brilliantly and sweet and swift breeze carried the fragrance of many a flower.

As is well known, Gautama left his palace when young and took to *Tapasya*. It is a remarkable coincidence that he attained his *Siddhi*, the Realisation, and became the Buddha or the Enlightened one—on the *Poornima* of the month of Baisakh. It is believed that he even left his body on the same full-moon day.

The *Buddha Jayanti* or the *Buddha Poornima* is a sacred day not only for the Buddhists but also for the Hindus. The Buddha is accepted by the Hindus as one of the incarnations of Vishnu.



The Day the Earth Cracked Up!

Not far from the city of Varanasi was a forest. It was the home of numerous beasts, small and big.

Once the Bodhisattva—the spirit that was to be born later as Gautama Buddha—took birth as a lion and lived in that forest.

One afternoon the young lion was lying on the top of a hill. From there he could see a long stretch of the forest. As he looked on, he saw something very unusual. A large number of animals were on the run. He had never seen so many kinds of

animals together; neither had he seen any creature running so fast.

Even more and more animals were joining the great race. There were elephants, tigers, leopards, hyenas, bears, wolves, boars, camels, donkeys, deer, monkeys, rabbits, and jackals. Each animal tried to outrun the rest.

The young lion was surprised. What could have caused this panic? Whatever be it, they would perhaps jump into the river on the border of the forest.



The river was in spate and the current was strong. Unless they were checked, they were likely to get drowned.

The young lion stood up. He looked majestic on the hill-top, against the setting sun. He roared as loudly as he could, commanding the animals to halt!

Taken aback, all the runners stopped. Looking up at the youthful lion shining in the golden sun they mistook him to be a supernatural guardian of the forest.

"Why are you running?" asked the young lion.

"The earth is cracking up. Doomsday is here!" replied some of the animals.

"Who told you that the earth is cracking up?" demanded the young lion.

The animals looked at one another. "Why don't you say?" the young lion pointedly asked the biggest elephant in the horde.

"I saw this tiger yonder running and shouting to this effect. I thought it wise to join him," replied the elephant.

"Who gave the alarm?" the young lion asked the tiger.

"I saw the leopard running while announcing the end of the



earth," replied the tiger.

The young lion, putting his question to one after another, found out that it was a little rabbit that had started the scare. The little rabbit was relaxing under a small palm tree. A question cropped up in his mind: What would happen if this earth suddenly gave way to his weight? The thought redoubled his heart-beat. Just then he heard a thudding sound. He jumped up and cried out, "The earth is cracking up!" He then ran for his life.

His cry had been heard by a few other rabbits. They repeated the cry and joined him.



skulk of jackals, a herd of deer and a pack of hounds were the next to hear the cry. They too ran with the rabbits and jackals.

By and by panic spread into the whole forest and more and more animals were on the run.

Said the young lion, "I suggest that you wait here. I go with the little rabbit and see where the earth had begun to crack."

He then took the little rabbit on his back and was guided by him to the small palm tree.

"Here, Lion Sir, I heard the sound of the earth cracking up," said the rabbit, looking overhead.

The lion observed that the palm tree was overshadowed by a big mango tree. He also saw a ripe mango lying under the palm tree.

"Had you seen this mango when you were resting here?" he asked the rabbit.

"No, Sir," answered the rabbit.

"Very well, let us return to the hill where all the beasts are waiting," said the lion and he carried the rabbit back to the hill.

To the anxious gathering of beasts, the lion gave out the result of his inquiry. He explained how the ripe mango falling on the palm leaves must have made a sound terrifying enough for the puny rabbit to think that the earth was cracking up!

The beasts thanked him for his saving them from their jumping into the river. Then they quietly dispersed, some of them feeling embarrassed and some of them laughing.





STORY OF INDIA: 65

THE LUCK OF A SLAVE

Sultan Ulugh Khan once needed more slaves to serve him. A slave-merchant brought him a hundred slaves. The Sultan retained ninety-nine, but rejected one who looked weak. The rejected youth, Ulugh Khan, fell at his feet.

"My lord, for whom have you bought all these slaves?" Ulugh Khan asked. "For myself," replied the Sultan. "Then please buy me for the love of God!" said Ulugh Khan. The Sultan laughed and bought him.



Once the Sultan met a great astrologer. The astrologer told the Sultan that his kingdom was destined to pass into the hands of a slave. "I don't mind," commented the Sultan, "for none of my sons is wiser than a slave! I too was once a slave!"





Although the Sultan did not take the prophecy seriously, his Begums did. Each one of them wanted her son to succeed the Sultan. They were eager to find out who is the slave who was so lucky. They would like to kill him.

The Sultan was obliged to call the astrologer to the palace. All the slaves were ordered to file past the astrologer and the Sultan. They were many. It took a long time for the astrologer to examine them one by one, reading their palms.



Uluh Khan felt thirsty and broke away from the row. Nobody noticed his temporary absence. By the time he was back, the Sultan and the astrologer had left. Other slaves teased Uluh saying that he alone was likely to be the Sultan!



Time passed. Ulugh Khan, through his faithfulness and hard work, became dear to Itutmish. He was promoted to the rank of nobility—and was counted among the 40 most powerful Turkish nobles of the court. By and by he became the foremost of them all.



Sultan Itutmish chose his daughter, Raziya, as his successor. But she was soon killed and the throne passed on to her brother, Nasiruddin. He proved idle. Ulugh Khan made him his son-in-law and worked as the Sultan's guardian.

Nasiruddin died untimely. He had left no heir. His father-in-law, Ulugh Khan, assumed the name Ghiyasuddin Balban and ascended the throne. The astrologer's prediction proved true!





Balban was an able king. His subjects respected him. He suppressed the bandits called Mewatis ruthlessly, hauling them out of forests. He also fought and killed Tughri Khan the Governor of Bengal, who had revolted against him.

Balban's elder son, Prince Muhammad Khan, guarded the frontier as Governor of Multan. Chenghiz Khan, the terrible Mongol invader, attacked India in 1279, but was defeated by Muhammad. Chenghiz Khan struck again in 1285. This time Muhammad was killed.



The news of Prince Muhammad's death broke Balban's heart. He died, at the age of eighty, in 1287. His grandsons, Kai Khusru and Kai Kobad, fought against each other and both were assassinated. Thus ended what is known as the Slave Dynasty.





A FRIEND!

Subal always bragged about his own virtues. His guardians and friends told him, directly or indirectly, time and again, that it was not a good habit at all. But their advice had no effect on him.

Subal had two close friends in the village. They too often warned him against his being so proud. Subal had his retort ready: "Don't I have reasons enough to be proud? What's wrong with my feeling proud of my high principles?"

One day while the three friends sat under a banian tree and talked, a fourth young man, a stranger, reached there. He greeted them with an affable smile. He introduced himself as

a scholar living in the town who was now out for a tour of the country.

He impressed the three friends with his courtesy and sweet words.

"I am pleased to meet three friendly fellows like you," said the traveller.

"So are we. Well, friend, who among us interests you most?" Subal asked the traveller.

"At the moment you all seem the same to me. I propose to spend the night in this village. Surely, I will see more of you!" said the stranger.

Each of the friends offered to play host to him.

The stranger laughed. "Thank you all. But only one of



the three can put me up with him. I propose to go with the one who can answer my question to my satisfaction. The only condition is, you must speak the truth."

The three friends agreed to the condition.

"I'll like to know about your attitude to money," said the stranger.

"I know money can make me happy because it will give me freedom to do whatever I wish to do. At the same time I know that money earned dishonestly cannot give me satisfaction," said the first friend.

"I have no desire to amass

wealth because I know that money is not the true means of happiness. Besides, happiness is not the only goal of life. One must try to know what is truth. Money does not help there. I have hardly any money. But I have no regret for that," said the second friend.

Now it was Subal's turn to speak. He looked at his friends with contempt and said, "My philosophy is different. I have enough money. But I have no attachment to my wealth. If I lose all my money, I won't mind."

On their way home, Subal asked the stranger, "What is your attitude to money?"

"I'll let you know in due time," answered the stranger.

Subal entertained his guest to a fine dinner. He prepared a bed for him in his own room. Both went on talking till sleep overtook them.

In the morning Subal did not find the guest on his bed.

"My friend gets up quite early. That is expected of a scholar!" he thought.

Suddenly his eyes fell on his trunk. Its lock lay on the floor.

Subal opened the trunk. To his great anguish he saw money—a thousand rupees





and a gold chain gone! Their place had been taken by a scrap of paper.

The paper read: "I need money. I know that you will not mind losing your money. That is why I am taking liberty with your wealth. I hope, you now know of my attitude. Thanks."

Subal tried his best to keep quiet. But upon meeting his two friends, he could not check his tears.

The anxious friends consoled him. "Don't you worry. We will provide you with whatever money you need," they said.

"But I should still call the thief my friend. I had no right to declare that I had no attachment to money. I'll not be a hypocrite in future. Is he who taught me such a lesson not my friend?" Subal asked and smiled through tears.

GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

यद्यदाचरति श्रेष्ठस्तत्तदेवेतरो जनः ।

स यत् प्रमानं कुरुते लोकस्तदनुवर्तते ॥

Yadyadācarati śreṣṭhasattadevetaro janah

Sa yat pramāṇam kuruṭe lokastadanuvartate

Whatever a great man does the ordinary people follow; whatever he accepts is accepted by others.

—Samayochita Padyamalika





*New Tales of King Vikram
and the Vampire*

THE ACTOR AND THE HERO

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. Moaning of jackals was subdued by the sound of thunder and eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning revealed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying astride on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King, I hope, you have not retired from your royal duties. There are people who suddenly break away from their mode of life even when they are quite prosperous. Let me give you an example. Pay attention to the story. That might bring you some relief." The vampire went on: Long long ago the kingdom of Pushpak was ruled by a tyrant. He oppressed the people and tortured and killed those



who raised their voices against him.

A young man named Rajendra organised a rebellion against the tyrant. Rajendra was as brave as he was kind to the people. That is why though the tyrant tried his best to capture him, he managed to remain free, by the help of the people.

At last the rebellion was successful. The tyrant was deposed. Rajendra sat on the throne.

Years passed and Rajendra lived in the memory of the people as a legend. His descendants were ruling the kingdom.

A highly gifted young dramatist called Sukant wrote a play on the life and adventures of Rajendra. He trained up a team of artistes to play different roles while he played the role of Rajendra himself.

Sukant's troupe earned great popularity. He acted so well in the role of Rajendra that congratulations, medals, and gifts were heaped on him after every performance.

The king of Pushpak heard of his fame. He invited his troupe to his court. Sukant's acting impressed him very much. He patronised his troupe liberally. Sukant made the town his headquarters so that he could pre-



sented his play before royal visitors and during festivals. He was free to tour the kingdom at other times.

Once, out for a tour, his troupe camped in a certain village. During his stay there, he fell in love with a girl named Kusum. The girl too loved him. Deciding to meet her father, Sukant sent his troupe to the town ahead of him.

When he proposed to marry Kusum, her father said, "I shall be delighted to have you as my son-in-law. But Kusum is my only child. One to marry her must live with her in my house. You have to give up acting."



Sukant felt depressed. Must he give his glorious career for the sake of marrying Kusum? "What do you say?" he asked Kusum.

Kusum said shyly, "I too would like you to give up acting."

Sukant sought a fortnight's time to come to a decision and left for the town, alone.

He was passing through the forest. Suddenly a gang of bandits surrounded him and demanded of him the valuables he had on his person—like the gold rings, the medals, and his necklace, apart from money.

Sukant trembled with fear.

He was prepared to give away everything when an unknown young man sprang up before them. In the twinkling of an eye he snatched the sword of a bandit and challenged the gang to fight. The gang tried to threaten him with fearful shrieks, but in a minute two of them were wounded. Then all of them took to their heels.

Sukant thanked the young man profusely and asked him, "Who are you?"

"I am one who tries to help the helpless and come to the aid of the needy," replied the stranger.

"Where are you going?" asked Sukant.

"To pay my respect to the celebrated dramatist, Sukant, who is camping in the village beyond this forest. It is his acting in the role of Rajendra that inspired me to take to this path. What a great character Sukant is! I will request him to travel throughout the kingdom and inspire more young men like me to stand against all sorts of injustice," said the stranger.

"Why did you not speak to him earlier—when you saw him in his play?"

"I did not consider myself worthy of talking to him then."



replied the stranger.

"I see. But, young man, you cannot find the dramatist in the village. He has left for the town," said Sukant.

After taking leave of the young man, Sukant turned and went back to Kusum's village. He met Kusum and said, "I have taken the decision. I'll give up acting. I'll marry you and lead a quiet life here."

Kusum and her father smiled with joy. Sukant married and continued to live almost as an unknown villager.

The vampire paused and then asked the king in a challenging tone, "How is it that instead of feeling doubly inspired to continue in his career as an actor and a director, Sukant gave up the vocation? How could he choose to live as an unknown villager? Answer me, if you can. If you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your shoulders!"

Answered king Vikram forthwith: "Sukant acted as a hero, but he was not a hero. It was a queer experience for him that while his acting inspired heroism in someone who dared to challenge the bandits, he was himself feeling panicky before



them. He was afraid, if the young man knew that he was Sukant, he will lose faith in his ideal. Sukant might have inspired courage and a sense of sacrifice in the hearts of many more. Let them continue with such virtues, he wished. If he remains in the limelight, some day his weaknesses will become known. He wanted to avoid any embarrassment. That is why he gave up his vocation and decided to live as an unknown villager."

No sooner had king Vikram concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.

GANGA IN MIND

Jagan never hesitated to do anything as long as it served his interest. Needless to say, he had swindled, cheated, and betrayed many.

He had been told that once a man takes a dip in the holy river Ganga, his sins get washed off. He decided to visit Kashi for the purpose. But that would mean spending a lot of money!

He heard that a villager named Madhav was going to Kashi. "My friend," he told Madhav, "after you have had your dip in the Ganga, have another dip for my sake. If you think yourself to be I, that should do."

He gave some money to Madhav for his promised service.

A month passed. "When are you going to the Ganga?" Jagan asked Madhav.

"No need," explained Madhav. "I had an idea: If I think our village pond to be Ganga, that should do. So I had one dip for myself and another for you — here itself."





WINDFALL AT MIDNIGHT

Malati heard a knock on the door. It was almost midnight. She was alone at home. Her husband, Radhashyam, was away in the town.

"Who is it?" she asked. Her voice betrayed fear.

"Open the door!"

Malati recognised the voice. It was her husband's.

"How are you back so early?" Malati asked, unlocking the door.

Luckily my work was over soon. I got a lift in the carriage of a friend belonging to the next village. All is well, I hope!" said Radhashyam.

"How can all be well for us with Tara for our neighbour? She complained in the evening

that our cat had lapped up her milk. She has threatened that her husband will break your head when you are back."

Radhashyam smiled.

Tara, the wife of Ravindra, their neighbour, was notorious for her quarrelsome nature. She was always jealous of all who lived around her house.

"She has scared you, has she? Well, I am not the only one to have a head. Tara's husband, Ravindra, too has one! Forget all about that crazy woman. Can you give me something to eat?" said Radhashyam.

"Rice is there. I can cook a curry in no time. Will you please fetch a few vegetables from the backyard?" said Malati and she



Tara happened to see Radhashyam burying something, from the other side of the fence.

She woke up her husband and whispered to him. "This is not the time to sleep. Luck is knocking at our door. I have no doubt that Radhashyam, who was away, has returned with some valuable property. Afraid of storing it in his house, he has just buried it in his garden. Do not delay. Go with a shovel and dig it out at once!" Tara gave him even a box in which to bring the hidden property.

Ravindra jumped at the idea. He crossed the fence and located the spot soon.

He was absorbed in opening the pit when he felt something cool and pointed touching his neck. His heart ran pitapat. He slowly turned to take stock of the situation.

A subdued laughter greeted him. It was as he had feared. He had been confronted by a bandit.

"You need not take the trouble of burying your treasure-box. I take charge of it!" said the bandit.

Shivering from heels to head, Ravindra said, "Believe me, friend, that the box contains

entered her kitchen.

It was a moonlit night. Radhashyam went into their kitchen garden at the back of the house.

He stepped on something soft. He leaned down and found it to be a kitten. "How unfortunate, I crushed a kitten to death! If Malati comes to know about it, she will compel me to have a bath at this hour and call a Brahmin and perform a penance!" thought Radhashyam. He brought out a shovel, dug a pit, and buried the kitten.

He then hurriedly picked up some vegetables and carried them to Malati.



nothing."

He held the box open for the bandit to see.

"What do you mean by burying an empty box at this unearthly hour?" asked the surprised bandit.

A mischief flashed in Ravindra's mind. He decided to turn the situation against his neighbour, Radhashyam.

"My wife, Radha, asked me to dig a pit big enough to contain this box. Only after I had done so, she proposes to fill it with her gold ornaments and bury it," said Ravindra. "The ornaments are lying on her bed, in a bundle," he added, pointing at Radhashyam's house.

"Good. Now, if you wish to live, call your wife. Ask her to come out with her ornaments," commanded the bandit.

Ravindra feigned reluctance. But the bandit goggled his eyes and made a chop in the air with his dagger. Ravindra softly knocked on Radhashyam's door and called, "Radha! Will you come out? I've dug a pit for you!"

Radhashyam recognised the voice of Ravindra who used to call him Radha. He remembered how Tara had threatened that her husband was ready to



break his head.

He quietly got off his bed. "The fellow had dug a pit to bury me, had he? A demon must have taken possession of him!" he thought.

He picked up a lathi and unlocked the door.

As soon as the bandit heard the noise of the door opening, he pushed Ravindra to one side and stepped forward, ready to snatch the bundle of ornaments from the woman's hand.

Radhashyam opened the door and instantly brought the lathi down on the bandit's head. The bandit fell down, losing consciousness.

Radhashyam's wrath terrified Ravindra. "There was every possibility of myself becoming Radhashyam's victim instead of the bandit!" he thought and realised how dangerous it is to make enemy with Radhashyam.

"Ravi! What made you such a villain as to hire a goonda and come to kill me? Very well, let me try my lathi on your head too!"

Radhashyam raised the lathi.

"Pardon me Radha, just listen to me," screamed Ravindra. His scream brought Tara and Malati rushing to the spot. At the sight of someone lying dead or unconscious both the women cried out their horror. Other neighbours reached the spot soon.

Ravindra did not hide anything. His confession softened Radhashyam. The bandit was

recognised as the most dreaded criminal in the state. A reward of five thousand rupees had been announced, to be won by one who could catch him.

"The dead kitten not only won us the reward, but also saved our houses from being burgled by the bandit," said Malati. She also said, "The kitten had died of some disease. I had thrown it into the garden in the evening, to dispose it off in the morning."

Radhashyam was reluctant to have the reward all by himself. "After all it is Ravindra who sent the bandit to meet my lathi!" he said, and proposed to give him a share of the reward. Ravindra, of course, felt ashamed and did not accept the share.

However, the two lived as friends.





**CHANDAMAMA
DICTIONARY OF
SELECT WORDS
AND PHRASES**

ASCESIS (N) : The practice of self-discipline, generally with a spiritual goal. An ASCETIC is one who practises such discipline.

ASPIRE (V) : To aim to achieve a high goal. **ASPIRATION (N)** is a hope for something lofty or sublime.



ATAVISM (N) : Recurrence of some ancestral characteristics.





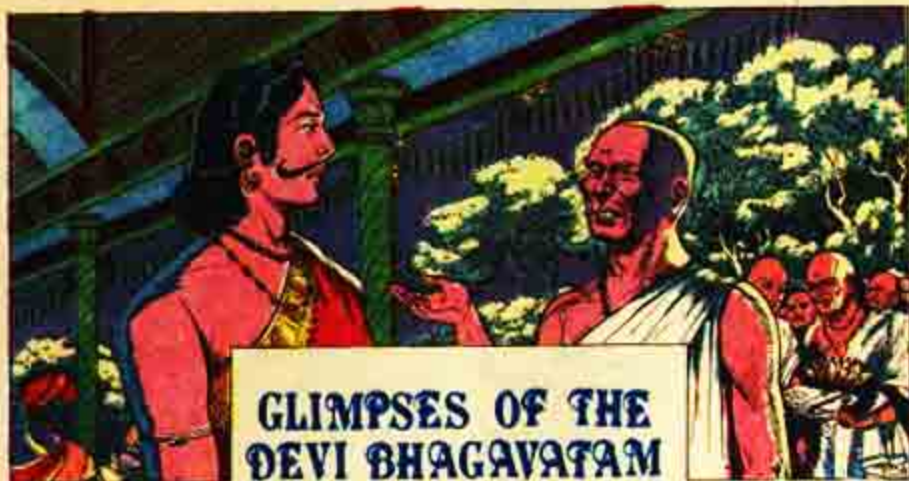
ATHENE (N) : Greek goddess of wisdom. Romans call the same goddess *Minerva*. **ATHENAEUM** is a temple of Athene or any ancient institution devoted to learning or literature.

ATROCIOUS (Adj) : Extremely cruel, brutal. Such conduct is **ATROCITY (N)**. We cannot call the conduct of elephants destroying crop as atrocious for they are not consciously wicked.



AUGUR (N) : One who could read the future by observing birds or animals, in ancient Rome. (**V**): to guess or foretell.





GLIMPSES OF THE DEVI BHAGAVATAM

Long before the reign of Lord Rama a king called Trisanku hailed of the Solar Dynasty. His guru, Viswamitra, had promised him a place in heaven. But he could not succeed in securing it for him. He took his failure as a challenge and created a new heaven for Trisanku, by his spiritual power.

King Trisanku had a son named Harishchandra. Harishchandra remained childless for long. One day he prayed to God Varuna and said, "Please give me a son. I won't mind sacrificing him to you."

A son was born unto the king. The kingdom went festive.

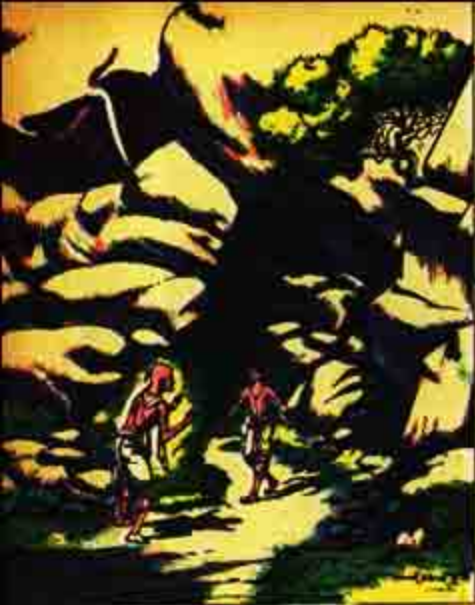
Varuna took the form of a Brahmin and met the king and said, "When are you going to perform a Yajna in my honour and sacrifice your son to me?"

The king got a jolt. "The child is still in the maternity apartment. Where is the question of sacrificing it now? Should you not wait at least for a month?"

Varuna went back, but returned after a month. The king feigned innocence about the purpose of the god's visit and said, "How can I serve you, O luminous Varuna?"

"How can you serve me? Why, have you clean forgotten





your promise to sacrifice the child to me?" asked Varuna, a bit annoyed.

"Oh, you desire to take my son, do you? But the rules of the Yajna say that even an animal marked for sacrifice ought to have grown conscious. You cannot deem a month-old child to be conscious! You should let a few years pass so that we can perform the thread ceremony for the boy!" said the king.

Varuna said angrily, "I'm afraid, you wish to deprive me of my due. I hope, you don't forget that the consequence of your action can be quite grave! I shall return when your son's thread ceremony has been per-

formed. Should you try to play any trick with me then, I will throw a terrible curse upon you."

Varuna went back. The king warned the inmates of the palace and all the courtiers and officers that the prince should not know about the fate that was hanging on him.

But someone leaked it to the prince. He slipped away from the palace as soon as his thread ceremony was over.

When Varuna came again, the king told him, "I am helpless. I do not know the whereabouts of the prince."

"You have deceived me!" yelled the angry Varuna. He then uttered a curse that resulted in the king being beset with a disease.

The king was reduced to misery. He was sad on account of his son's disappearance. Now the disease caused him much physical pain.

The prince, Lohitaksha, was hiding in a cave. From a traveller he heard about the king's sickness. He decided to return to the palace. But Indra, donning a disguise, met him on the way and told him, "Your father cannot be cured without your self being sacrificed to Varuna."

Why are you so eager to walk the jaws of death?"

Lohitaksha changed his mind and returned to his cave.

One day the king asked Vasishta, the priest of his family, "How to be cured of my ailment?"

"Since you cannot sacrifice your son, better adopt a child as your son and sacrifice him. Your disease, as you know, is due to a curse. It is only by fulfilling this condition that you can be free from it," said Vasishta.

The king asked his minister to find out a boy who must be carrying auspicious signs on his person. The boy's parents could be given as much reward as should satisfy them and they should agree to the boy being sacrificed.

The minister roamed about the kingdom and found a Brahmin named Ajigarta who had three sons, all of them bearing auspicious marks. But the eldest boy was dear to his father and the youngest was dear to his mother. The parents agreed to the minister carrying their second son, Sunahsefa, away for the sacrifice.

Sunahsefa was a noble boy. He realised the crisis the king



was facing. He followed the minister willingly. People who saw him were charmed by his innocence and courage.

As soon as the minister was back in the palace along with Sunahsefa, preparations for the Yajna began.

Sunahsefa took bath, put on new clothes, was bedecked with flowers, and was carried to the platform where he was to be sacrificed, and tied to a pillar.

It so happened that the sage Viswamitra reached there. He took pity on the boy and asked the king to release him.

But the king was in no mood to oblige Viswamitra.





Viswamitra taught the boy a hymn meant for pleasing Varuna. The boy chanted the hymn with so much devotion and sincerity that everybody present there shed tears. Soon Varuna appeared on the spot. He declared that the boy's devotion had earned for the king the benefit of a sacrifice. It was not necessary to kill the boy.

Sunahsefa was set free. The king was cured. All were delighted.

However, Viswamitra did not forget the fact that the king had not paid any heed to his request for setting the boy free. One day, while the king was in the

forest for hunting, Viswamitra appeared before him disguised as an old Brahmin. The king was led to donate everything to the Brahmin and go to live in the forest.

This revengeful act of Viswamitra annoyed Vasistha. He confronted Viswamitra and said, "You are a deceitful man. Your meditation is no better than that of a stork who only waits to kill fish, standing with his eyes shut. Better become a stork!"

Viswamitra too cursed him, saying, "If I am to become a stork, there is no reason why you should not become one too!"

Consequently both of them became storks. Both lived in the Mansarovar and often fought with each other. Once lord Brahma appeared there and freed them from their curses and sent them back to their hermitages.

Soon thereafter another incident took place:

Nimi, the son of Ikshaku, was a pious and righteous king. He had founded an ideal colony for Brahmins near the hermitage of Sage Gautam.

King Nimi decided to perform a special kind of Yajna.

devoted a long time for making preparations for it. Then he met Vasistha, the priest of his dynasty, and requested him to conduct the ritual.

"I have already promised to Indra to conduct a Yajna dedicated to the Supreme Goddess. You have to wait till I finish it," said Vasistha.

"O Sage, you are my family priest. Is it not your duty to give priority to our needs? Indra can wait!" said Nimi.

But Vasistha proceeded to perform the Yajna Indra had arranged.

Nimi made Sage Gautam his priest and began his Yajna. Sages and holy men who had been invited to attend it were given handsome gifts.

Vasistha performed Indra's Yajna duly and received a lot of rewards. Then he came to meet Nimi. Nimi's Yajna was about to be over. Tired, he was lying on his bed.

When Vasistha learnt that Nimi had not cared to wait for him, he shouted out angrily, "I am your family priest. You ignored me and began the Yajna with someone else's help. This is audacious of you. I understand that you are lying on your bed. Continue lying like



that till your body becomes lifeless!"

Those who heard Vasistha's curse ran to the king and informed him about it. King Nimi, agitated, said addressing Vasistha, "How could you be so unjust in your utterance? Had I not invited you first? But you chose to go to Indra for sake of rewards! Now you come and curse a sleeping man! Very well, if I am to leave my body, I throw a similar curse on you. You too cannot live in your body!"

Vasistha realised that he had cursed a sleeping man and that was improper. Secondly, it was



true that the king was not to blame entirely. Indeed, he had asked Vasistha to preside over the Yajna first!

Vasistha hurried to Brahma and informed him of the curse that hung on his head.

Brahma saw to it that Vasis-tha's consciousness found shelter in the person of Mitravarun. It was long afterwards that a new body was made for him.

Nimi, despite the curse that lay on him, completed the Ya-jna. Then he left his body. But the sages who had gathered there sat around him and prayed for his consciousness and body coming together again.

The gods appeared and said that Nimi cannot retain the same body, but can have a new

one. Nimi, however, was not willing to live in a body again. He said, "As long as the body and the consciousness are together, there is no escape from suffering." He then prayed to the Divine Mother and wanted to remain in every-body's eyes. The Divine Mother granted the prayer. Nimi became blinking in the eyes of all. That is why wink is called *Nimish*.

From Nimi's abandoned body was created another body in which lived another soul. Be-cause this new body was created under a special circumstance the man was called Videha — the special-bodied one. It is he who became famous afterwards as King Janaka.

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FOR SON'S SAKE

Viswanath of Vijayapur was a physician trusted by the villagers. He had only one son. He took great pains to teach the science of Ayurveda to the young man, but it is difficult to say how much the latter could learn.

Viswanath fell sick. His son treated him, but there was no improvement in his condition. A long time passed.

One day an old disciple of Viswanath, a very promising physician named Sudhakar, came to see him. "Sir," he said, "let me be here and treat you."

At once, mustering all his strength, Viswanath sat up. "You see, my son has almost cured me. You need not waste your time here!"

Sudhakar went away.

"My boy!" said Viswanath to his son, "Had Sudhakar cured me, the people here would have prevailed upon him to live here permanently. You could not have thrived."

These were his words before he breathed his last.



New Poetry!

Are subjects for poets growing rarer and rarer? A Spanish poet, Batasar Pena, has converted the Constitution of his country into 1,080 verses. Now he is working to versify his country's divorce law!

NOW I WILL PRESENT
THE INCOME TAX LAW
IN RAG VASANT BAHAR!



Climbing with a Difference

Many great mountain peaks of the world are conquered and many more are yet to be conquered.

The mountain that Jean Jahn of Switzerland climbed, the Kaiseregg Mountain, may not be the highest in the Alps, (2,166 metres), but it is the steepest peak.

But Jean Jahn's feat is remarkable for a different reason. He scaled the mountain on stilts.



New Poetry! Climbing with a Difference An Interpreter Round the Wrist They are Leaving us

An Interpreter Round the Wrist

The latest wrist watch developed by a computer company in Tokyo serves its user as his translator. A large number of While the human population is tically stored in the tiny memory bank of the watch. You push a button and bring forth a particular phrase. When it appears, push another button and its translation flashes.



They are Leaving Us

While the human population is ever on the increase, numerous other species are fast disappearing. According to Ecologist Norman Myers, "Of earth's five million species, we could well lose at least one million by the end of the century." He says further, "By the end of 1980s we could be losing one species per hour."



THE TWO LINES

Gokul had two sons. When they were very young, he once drew a small line on the wall and asked them, "Boys, can you make this line appear smaller without erasing a part of it?"

The boys admitted that they were unable to do it.

Gokul drew a longer line parallel to the first one. "Does not the old line appear smaller now?" he asked.

"Yes, it does," the boys agreed.

Time passed. The two sons grew up and married and lived in separate houses. Gokul went to live with his elder son, but he found the daughter-in-law quite unkind. He went over to the younger son. There not only the daughter-in-law, but also the son maltreated him.

Gokul returned to his elder son. Thereafter the elder daughter-in-law's conduct did not seem to him as bad as it used to seem.

"How happy I am!" he was heard telling people.

His elder son heard this and mumbled to himself, "No, father, you are not really happy. All that has happened is, the old line appears smaller when compared with the new one!"



PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail to Photo Caption Contest, Chendimema, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs. 25/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The Prize for March '82 goes to:

Mr. N. Krishnakumar, 295-A Jodhpur Park,
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